

**ON THE EDGE**  
By Helen Jameson

**Topics:** Depression, suicide, angels, salvation  
**Cast:** Angel  
 Vern Phillips  
**Setting:** The 35th floor ledge of a skyscraper  
**Time:** 4 minutes  
**Props:** One folded piece of paper

The scene opens as Vern Phillips, a man depressed with his life, inches his way along the edge of a high rise building. He searches for the perfect spot "to end it all." The angel stands CS with his back turned to the audience.

**Vern:** (Creeping around the stage's edge. He stops periodically and looks below, evaluating where the perfect spot would be.) (Talking to himself.)  
 Okay...(Looking and gasping at the distance to the ground.)

Oohh...it looks farther than I thought. (Convincing himself.)...Breathe deep... Concentrate. That's okay though...it'll be fast...One jump and it is done...no more worries...no more fears...I am out of here...(moving father along the edge and looking down.) This is it! (Peering closely below.) Oh...no! Get out of the way. You can't park your car there. Move it! Great...he can't hear me. (Shouting louder.) Move it! Move your car! (He loses his balance and steadies himself.)...I'm a lot of things, but I don't hurt people or their cars. (Wiping his brow.) I've got to do this...There's no other way...

(Begins to inch farther along the edge until he is right beside the angel.)

Okay...this looks good...no parked cars...no pedestrians...Free and clear.

(Taking a folded piece of paper out of his pocket.) This will explain everything...to my wife...the kids... I can't stand this life anymore...I'm a loser...a big fat loser...and the world will be a better place without me.

Angel: (Turning around abruptly.) It won't be, you know.

Vern: (Almost losing his balance.) Who are you? What are you doing up here?

Angel: I'm an...

Vern: (Interrupting.) This is my ledge, buddy. Go find your own spot to jump.

Angel: I'm not here to jump.

Vern: Yeah, sure...get your own spot. This is mine.

Angel: I am here for you. I'm an angel sent by God to...

Vern: (Interrupting again.) An angel? Sure you are...I'm depressed, but YOU'RE CRAZY!

Angel: I really am an angel...sent by God to help you.

Vern: (Moving away two steps.) No, you're not.

Angel: (Moving two steps toward Vern.) Yes, I am.

Vern: (Moving away two steps again.) No, you're not!

Angel: (Continuing to follow.) Yes, I am.

Vern: (Reasoning .) If you were an angel, you'd look like one of my dead relatives. Besides you have too much hair.

Angel: Dead relative? What's that got to do with me being an angel?

Vern: (Pointing to his chest.) I have a lot of good people in my family tree...except me, of course...I can name at least five that have...you know...died...bound to be angels.

Angel: Vern...

Vern: (Startled.) How'd you know my name?

Angel: I told you I was an angel sent by...

Vern: Sent by God...I heard that part.

Angel: I'm not your dead relative.

Vern: Okay...so you're an "angel"...where's your wings and that gold thing...(Motioning with his hands.)?

Angel: Halo?

Vern: Yeah...halo...where's all that?

Angel: Vern, my physical appearance is for you right now. What you see is for this moment... I am here to help you.

Vern: (Disgustedly.) Help...I could have used help with the IRS...I tried...but it was too much... I lost my business...now I can't support my family...(Angrily.) The

insurance policy is better than anything I can give my wife and kids right now...(Pointing downward and starting to cry.) This is the help I need...not yours.

Angel: (Kindly.) You do need help, Vern, and it's not this kind (pointing downward.) I have something to tell you...something very important.

Vern: (Wiping his tears.) Okay! Say it and leave.

Angel: Vern, God loves you.

Vern: (Moaning.) Yeah...sure...sure...he loves me.

Angel: (Touching Vern on the shoulder.) He has always loved you. He loved you when you were inside your mother...soft and small. He loved you at your baptism. He loved you through the years when you struggled to earn a living. He loved you when you kissed your babies for the first time. His love is then, now, and forever. Complete! You are not a loser...you are His child.

Vern: (Crying softly.) I am?

Angel: (Putting his arm around Vern's shoulders.) He wants to help you...you need His help.

Vern: (Wiping his eyes with his hand.) I know I do...I am just tired...I am so tired of the mess I've made...You sure he wants me? I am so worthless.

Angel: (Gently.) Vern, your value is greater than rubies to Him... Don't jump, Vern... don't jump.

Vern: (Wiping his nose.) If I don't jump...what'll I do?

Angel: You don't have to worry...the Lord is all about rebuilding lives...He's done it forever...and God will help you, too...if you let Him.

Vern: I don't want to die...not like this. Can you...Can God...help me get off this ledge?

Angel: Sure. Take my hand. (Vern slowly moves his hand, and the Angel grasps it firmly as the LIGHT fades.)

**THE END**